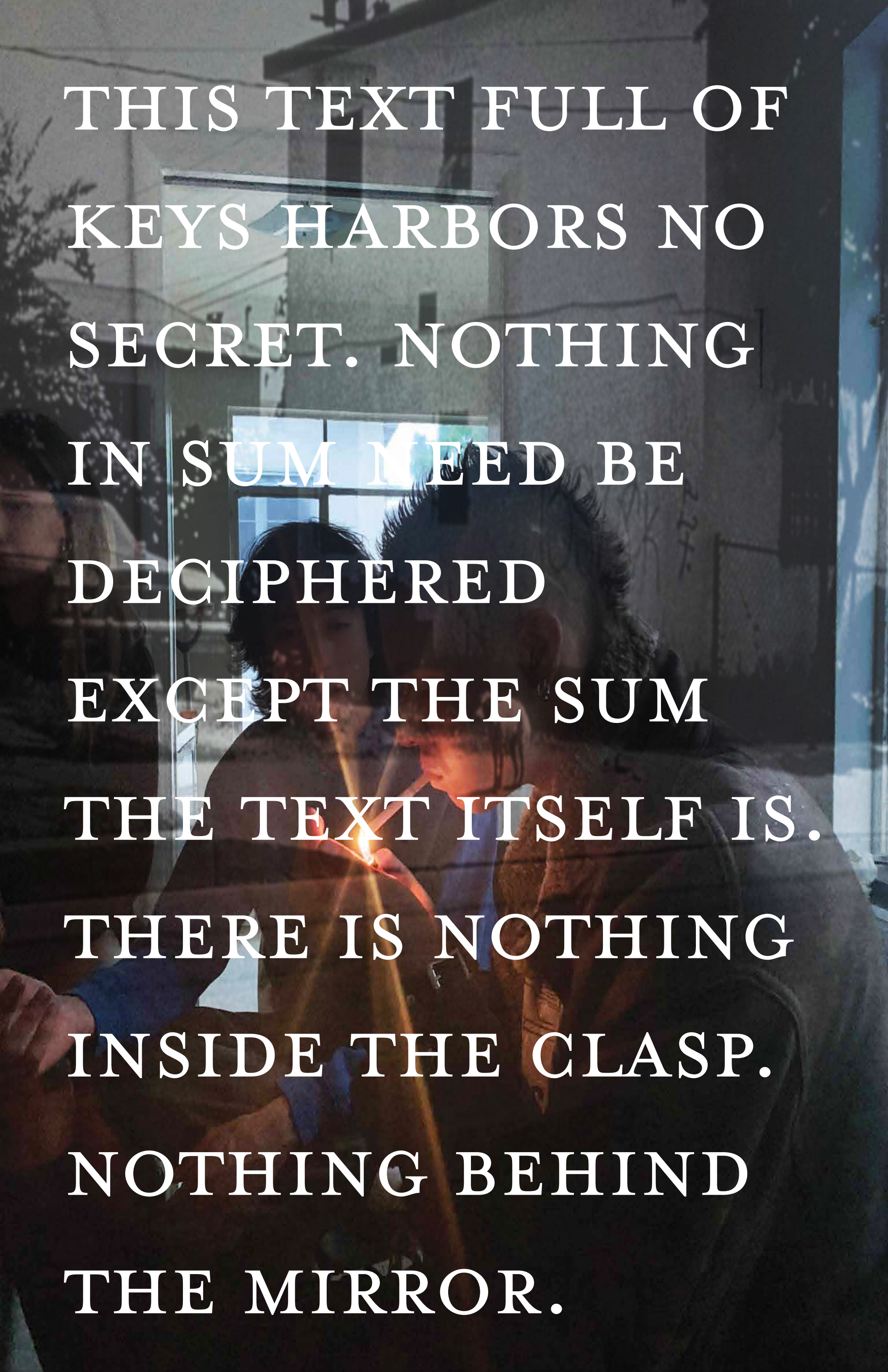
paul (from bible)

The Book of Paul Volume IV

The Lighthouse of Alexandria

that "the power of memory" is not, first of all, that of "resuscitating": it remains enigmatic enough to be pre-occupied, so to speak, by a thinking of "the future."


THIS TEXT FULL OF
KEYS HARBORS NO
SECRET. NOTHING
IN SUM NEED BE
DECIPHERED
EXCEPT THE SUM
THE TEXT ITSELF IS.
THERE IS NOTHING
INSIDE THE CLASP.
NOTHING BEHIND
THE MIRROR.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN THE ABYSS BUT TO TALK

Satya Yuga

Gold

Satya Yuga

Gold

The Universe is an opaque and solitary thought,
which has already leapt through man's shut eye,
as the space of a dream without dreaming.

The Universe is not reflected in another universe,
and yet the Remote is accessible to us at each of
its points.

The World is the endless confusion of man and
Universe, the Universe treated as man's object.

Treta Yuga

Silver

Treta Yuga

Silver

Dvapara Yuga

Brons

Dvapara Yuga

Brons

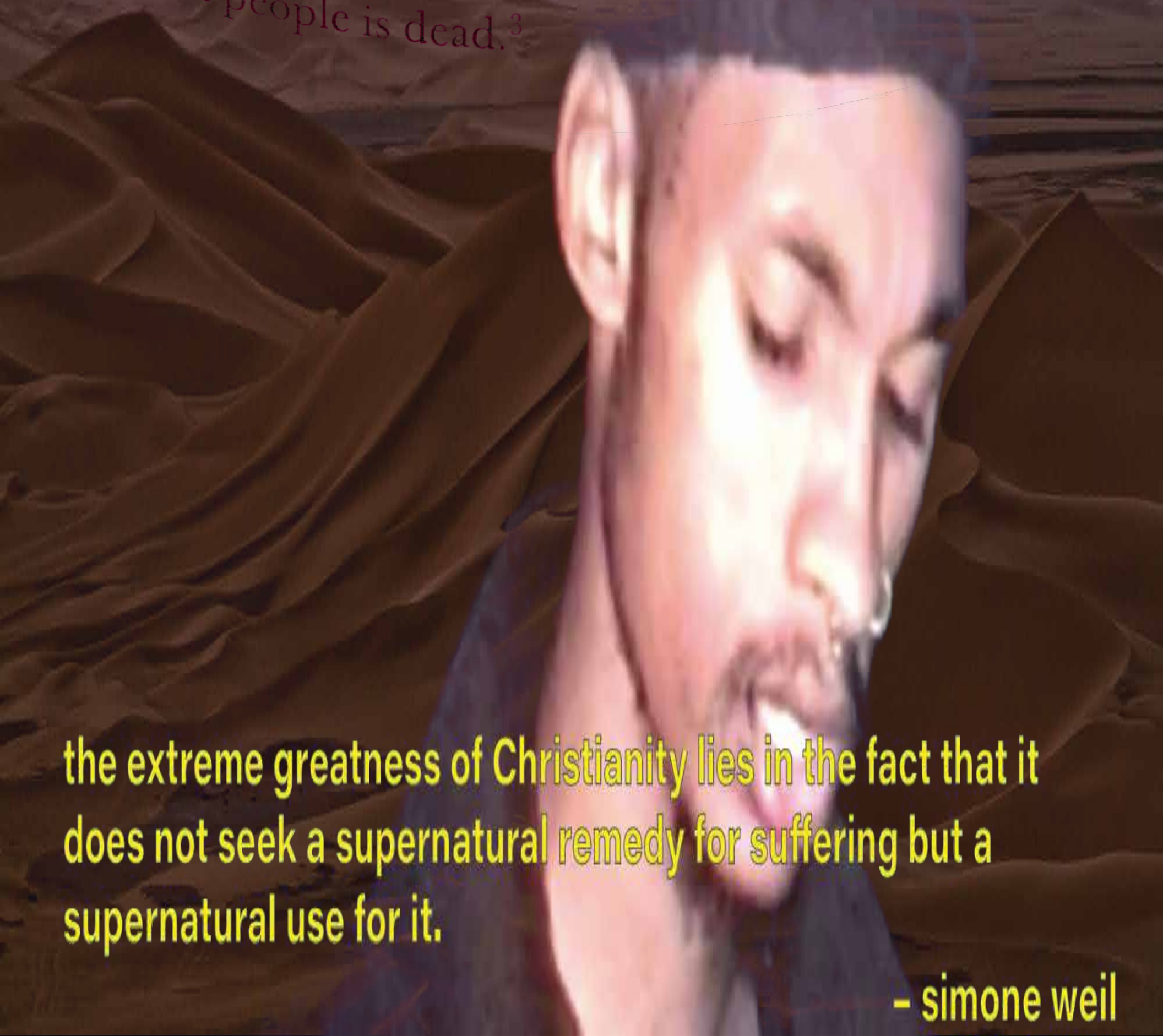
Kali Yuga

Kali Yuga

Ister

Ister

The desert is a paradise. Civilization, a city without a soul, is hell [...] The human community early on was split into two tribes. They were so completely different, as if they came from two different worlds. This evolved through time, and resulted in the nomadic tribe and the settled tribe. The nomadic tribe's capital was freedom. They had no ties to a certain area, so they turned to contemplation... The settled peoples' capital was ownership, and all the disasters ownership entails of course [...] That is why the spirit among settled people is dead.[3]



the extreme greatness of Christianity lies in the fact that it does not seek a supernatural remedy for suffering but a supernatural use for it.

– simone weil

SKYSAYING, WE CAN SAY, IS WHERE THE LAND OF WRITING MEETS THE SKY; A CLONAL HORIZON POINT; A SAYING AND NOT NECESSARILY A USE OF WORDS WORDS WORDS.

I·N·R·I

@angelicism0000

time fell off, time is fake, mtv news said that in November 2016, i have the screenshot

3:36 PM · Jun 9, 2021

God

Theology

Nature

Epistemology

Mind

Ontology

Psychology

Politics & morality

Society

[redacted] · 23 sept.

this pure temporal moment speaks to the glory of cinema, which may very well survive us humans pic.twitter.com/JCohpuNvfB

[redacted]

2

[redacted]

03:21 · 23 sept. 2019 · [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [

eera_1

Surf Gang Live In Concert

NEW SHOW LOCATION KENT AND DIVISION BK GOT SHUT DOWN WILL BE THERE AT 11:15

Polo Perks
Casper
Moh Barett
Bobaine
Halo Falion
Eera+Evilgiane (DJ)
Pasto Flocco
+ Special Guest Slimesito

10pm - 4am
FREE!
7/9/21
Taylor Wythe Community Center

Ferris St & Wolcott St
Brooklyn NY 11231

S 11th St
Division Ave & Kent Ave
Kent Ave
Wythe Ave

15 likes
4 minutes ago

Clone. *Undulatory but noematic form of the particle qua transcendence fallen in-immanence. Identity-without-unity insofar as it is apprehended in-immanence in its achieved particle form, wavefront included. Specifically refers to the particulate subject-form or ego under the name "Stranger-subject".*

of a new paradigm of the night-dream: 'The night dream does not belong to us. It is not our possession. With regard to us, it is an abductor, the most disconcerting of abductors: it abducts our being from us. Nights, nights have no history.'[2] Intrigue, theft, defeat of mind.

“SURE I CAN WRITE ABOUT CINEMA WITHOUT ANY CINEMA BEING PRESENT BECAUSE MY LIFE A MOVIE, OBVIOUSLY” I’M ALWAYS DOING THIS. WE ALL ARE EVEN IF WE DON’T REALIZE THIS. EVERY GESTURE IS IMMANENTIZED, THAT IS IF IT’S ONLINE. I GUESS IT’S ART IF YOU CALL ART GOING TO A MOSTLY EMPTY WHITE CUBE TO READ AN ESSAY — I WAS TWEAKING STARING INTO MY TWIST-ED SELF THROUGH THE BLACK. IT COULD BE WORSE — I COULD BE REIFYING THE STAGES

wretched worm
@wret
future of all posting far more closely resembles cinema than it does literature. its like the entire library of cinematic history interspersed with generative personal drone paparazzi automation layered through chinese kuaishou algorithmic memory filters. Gods cinematic universe
8:37 PM · Jun 18, 2021 · Twitter for iPhone
having a million hoes on ur dick
dosent matter if none love you
#EMOBASEDGOD
2010-06-21, 9:50 PM

THE NOON OF LIFE IS NOT A PLACE AND IT DOES NOT TAKE PLACE

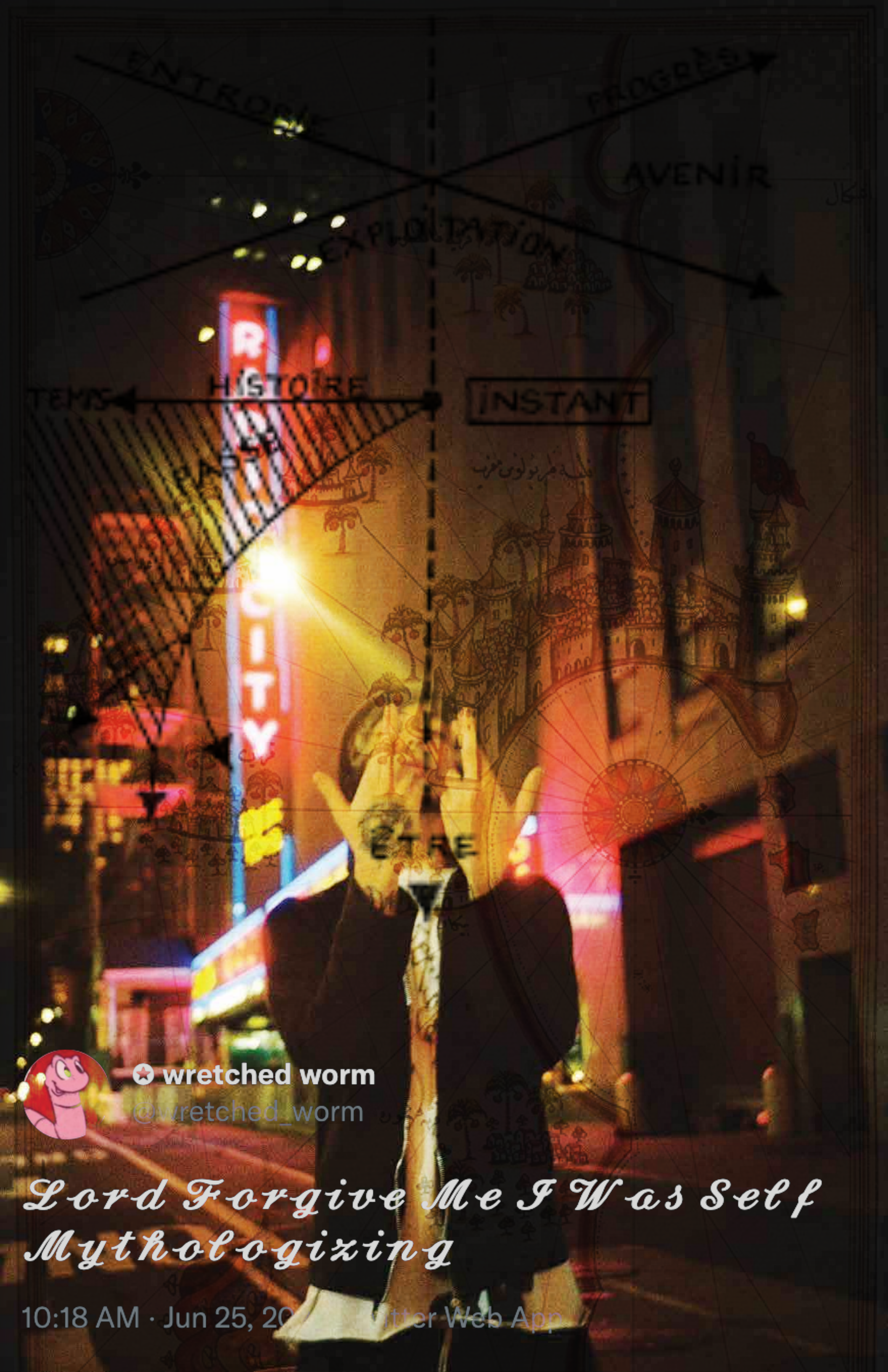
monker178 5h

XOXO
@alivegirl001101

MEEPICIA
MEEP STAN
MEEP LOVER
MEEP IS MY RELIGION
MEEP HAS SHOOK ME
MEEP

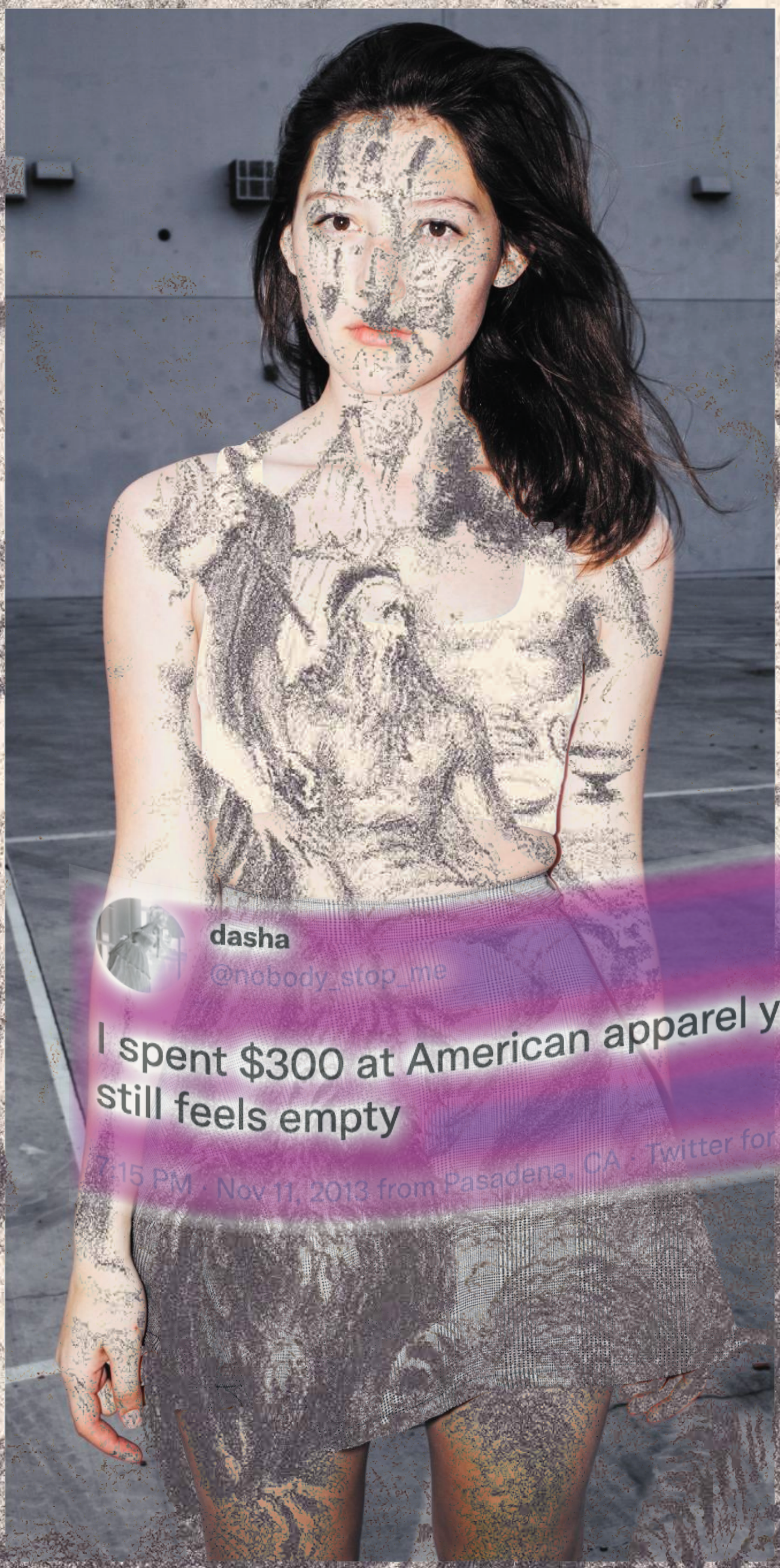
5:33 PM · Jul 7, 2021 · Twitter for iPhone

And the angels, again? There is an answer to this
fiddle, given to us in the next line: we are asked whether
we ‘see the relics of a star’. The sacred light did not
survive the pollution at hand; it goes unsaved, whatever
light remains being precisely one generated across the
threshold of the former’s horrendous dissolution, the
divine orders reduced to foregone status, now just obsolete
emblems and insignias of a heaven failed. The manic
of this newer elegiac light therefore wears such archaic
forms (the rope of angels) as a mere necklace into battle,
their once-iridescent bodies persisting only as remnant,
superseded artifact, token of the surrendered halos that
could rescue nothing any longer (not even themselves).


ENTROPIE
PROGRÈS
AVENIR
EXPLOITATION
TEMPS
HISTOIRE
INSTANT
CITY
ETRE
wretched worm
@wretched_worm
Lord Forgive Me I Was Self Mythologizing
10:18 AM · Jun 25, 20
Twitter Web App

And yet what does it mean to become obligated to a lost glimmer, neither a futural ideology of permanence nor a god-structure of infinity but rather a come-and-gone ethereality, the mania of the 'passing gleam'? Perhaps it restores his consciousness to an even more violent stratum of discontent than the normal one of vacuity, despair, hopelessness, and absurdity; perhaps it introduces some further acrimony into the blood; for this was not quite an experience of pure nothingness, but rather one of temporarily interrupted nothingness, the nothing that for a brief second became something, an exception which then had to drown again beneath the former inescapable weight of futility—a dispossession which then leaves us (still clutching after the fleeing light) only one conceivable recourse for the rest of time: *to seek revenge*. This is how the deepest nihilist becomes the most profound maniac, a convert with a vendetta, determined to retaliate for the transpired, for the already-fleeting, the already-fled, for what cannot return, can never return, having been reclaimed by the all-seeping darkness that rules; yet who still pursues with redressing arms that same elapsed wrong which cannot be made right again: the extinguishing of the one fallen star.

reproduces itself in another in a fecund way (*fruchtbar*). Thus it is that, for us, the concept of the beautiful and of art is "a presupposition given by the system of philosophy." Philosophy alone can pose the question "What is the beautiful?" and answer it: the beautiful is a production of art, i.e., of the mind. The idea of beauty is given to us by art, that circle inside the circle of the mind and of the philosophical encyclopedia, etc.


dasha
@nobody_stop_me
I spent $300 at American apparel yesterday and my life still feels empty
7:15 PM · Nov 11, 2013 from Pasadena, CA · Twitter for iPhone

Crop Tops and Skirts.

Retail Locations:
Brent Cross
Brick Lane
Briggate
Cabot Circus
Camden High Street
Carnaby
Covent Garden
Kensington High Street
Kings Cross Railway
Market Street
Nelson Mandela Place
North Street
Oxford Street
Paradise Street
Piccadilly Station
Portobello
Selfridges
Selfridges & Co
Shoreditch
Stansted Airport
Westfield Stratford
Westfield White City

American Apparel®

Made in USA—Sweatshop Free
Operated by Dov Charney

REMEMBERING

DRUGS...

IS REMEMBERING

INFINITIES

xoxo

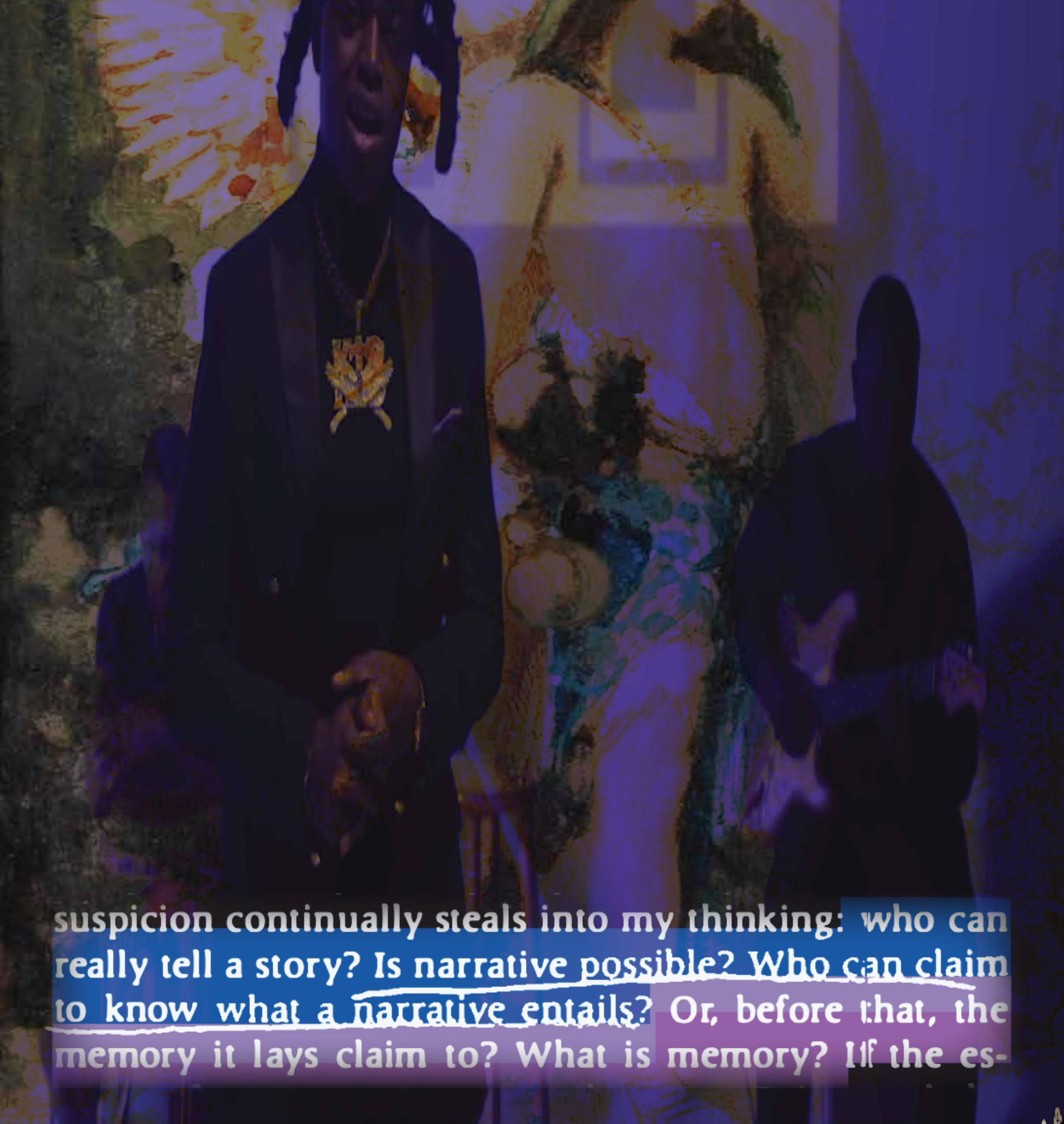
@alivegirl001101

Preliminary Materials for a Theory of the Young-world Trade Center

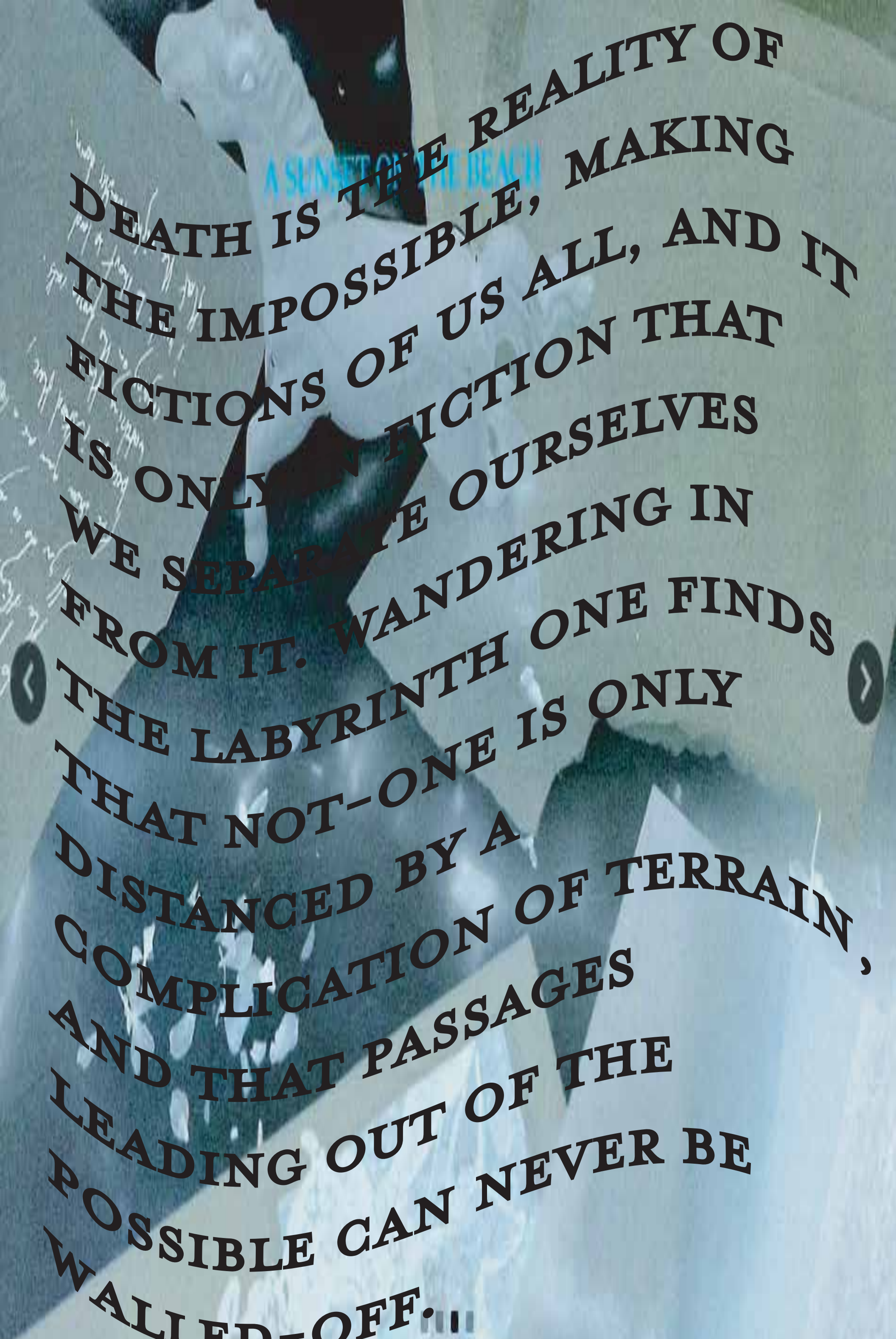
8:09 PM · Jun 1, 2021 · Twitter for iPhone

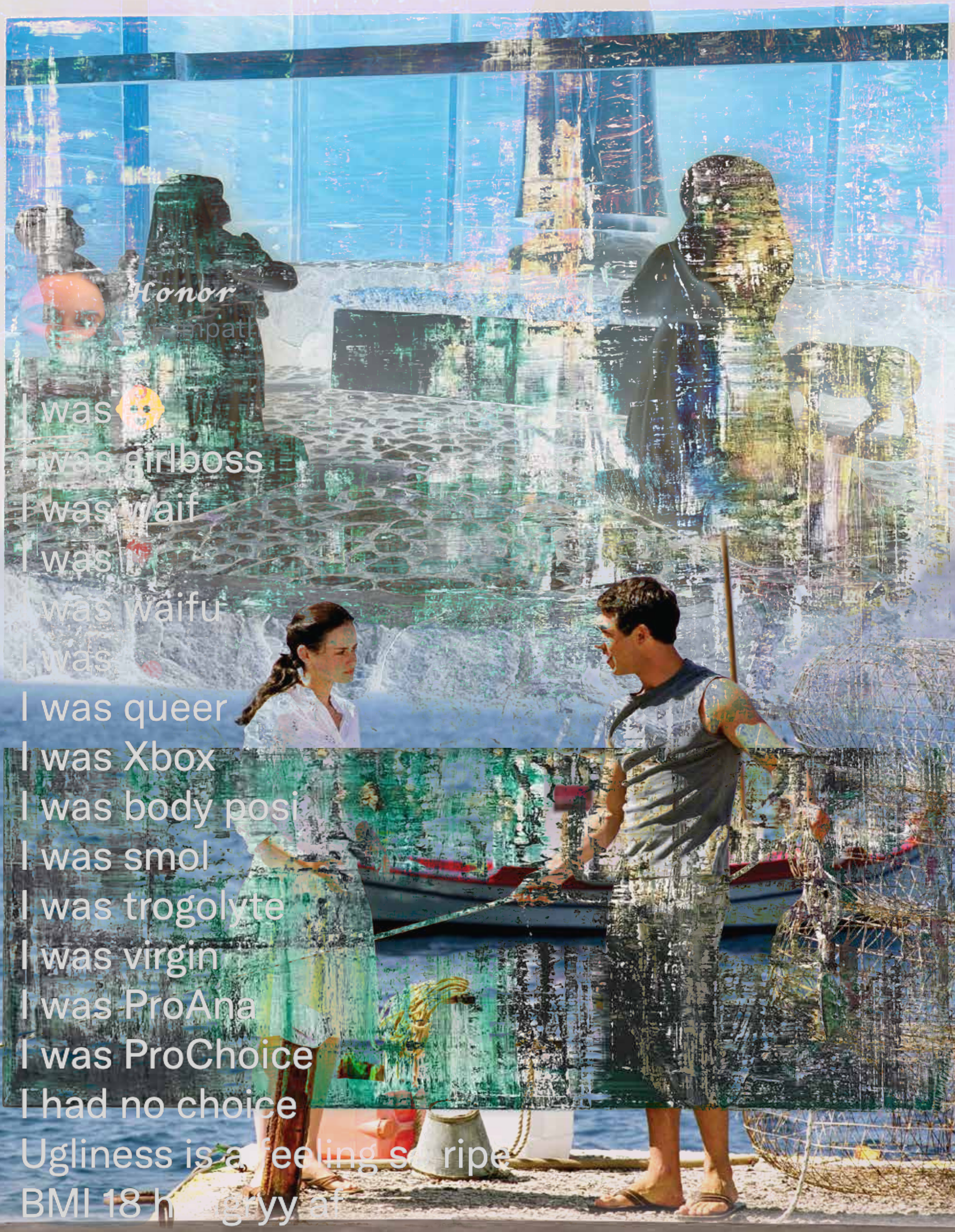
At first, death surrounds us with an endless silence as an island is surrounded by water. But there, precisely, is the *unsalable*. What importance have words which do not pierce this silence[?] What importance in speaking of 'moment of the tomb' *[moment de tombe]* when each word is nothing for as long as it has not attained the beyond of words[?] [IV 166].

The gods to whom we sacrifice are themselves sacrifice, tears wept to the point of dying. This in *Remembrance of Things Past* which the author would not have written if, broken with pain, he had not yielded to that pain, saying: 'Let us allow our bodies to disintegrate…' what is this if not the river, flowing in advance to the estuary, which is the sentence itself: 'Let us…'? and the open sea into which the estuary empties is death. So much so that the work was not only what led the author to his tomb, but the way in which he died; it was written on his deathbed…The author himself wanted us to feel him dying a bit more at each line [V 175].



suspicion continually steals into my thinking: who can really tell a story? Is narrative possible? Who can claim to know what a narrative entails? Or, before that, the memory it lays claim to? What is memory? If the es-

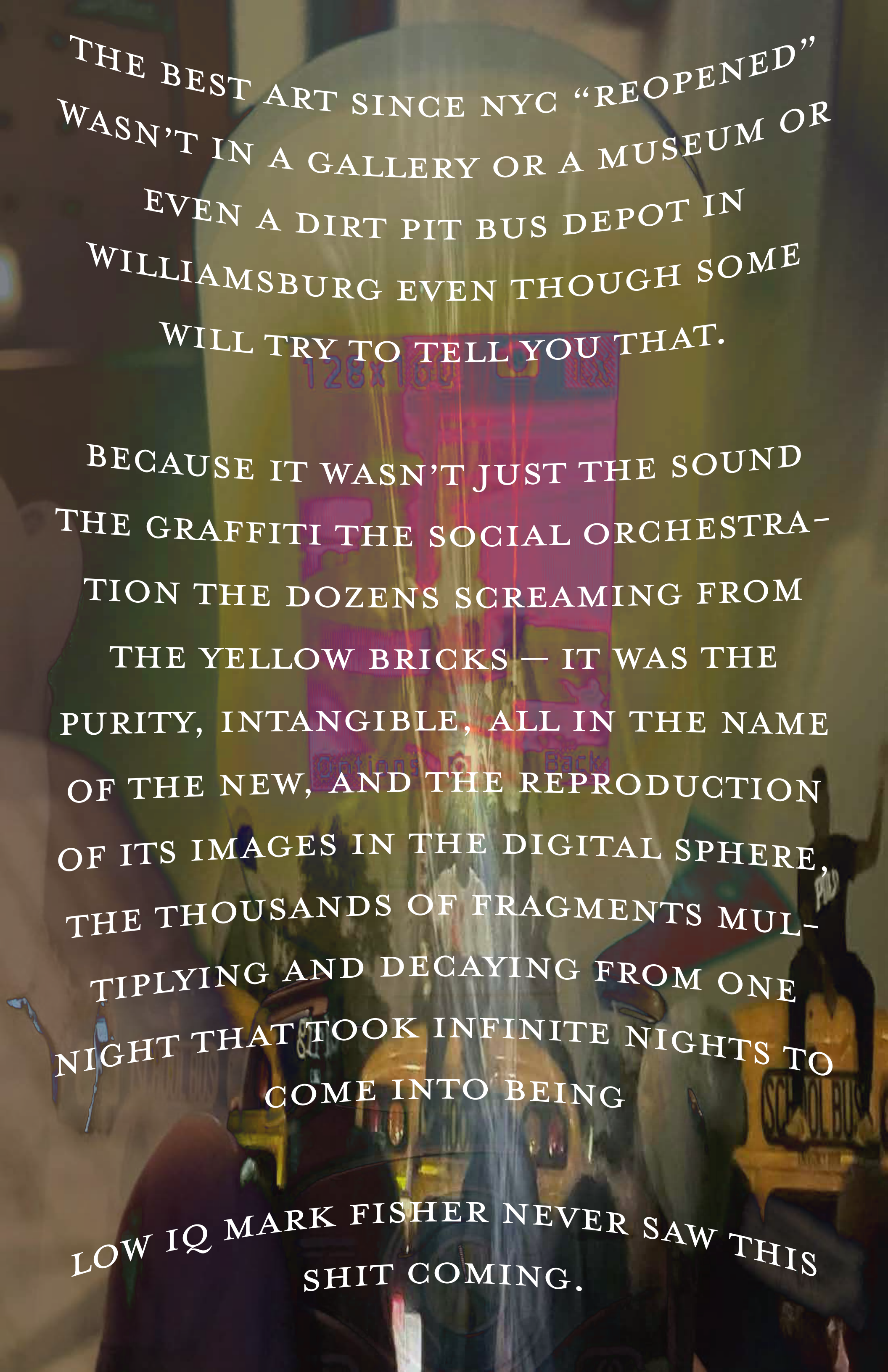

DEATH IS THE REALITY OF THE IMPOSSIBLE, MAKING FICTIONS OF US ALL, AND IT IS ONLY IN FICTION THAT WE SEPARATE OURSELVES FROM IT. WANDERING IN THE LABYRINTH ONE FINDS THAT NOT-ONE IS ONLY DISTANCED BY A COMPLICATION OF TERRAIN, AND THAT PASSAGES LEADING OUT OF THE POSSIBLE CAN NEVER BE WALLED-OFF...



5:27 PM · Jul 1, 2021 · Twitter Web App

"A COUPLE IS A WORLD AUTONOMOUS AND ENCLOSED, THAT MOVES THROUGH THE LARGER WORLD ESSENTIALLY UNTOUCHED"

SURF GANG
VOLUME 1
JUNE 30TH
@SURFGANG1
I WANNA BE



THE BEST ART SINCE NYC "REOPENED"
WASN'T IN A GALLERY OR A MUSEUM OR
EVEN A DIRT PIT BUS DEPOT IN
WILLIAMSBURG EVEN THOUGH SOME
WILL TRY TO TELL YOU THAT.

BECAUSE IT WASN'T JUST THE SOUND
THE GRAFFITI THE SOCIAL ORCHESTRA-
TION THE DOZENS SCREAMING FROM
THE YELLOW BRICKS — IT WAS THE
PURITY, INTANGIBLE, ALL IN THE NAME
OF THE NEW, AND THE REPRODUCTION
OF ITS IMAGES IN THE DIGITAL SPHERE,
THE THOUSANDS OF FRAGMENTS MUL-
TIPLYING AND DECAYING FROM ONE
NIGHT THAT TOOK INFINITE NIGHTS TO
COME INTO BEING

LOW IQ MARK FISHER NEVER SAW THIS
SHIT COMING.

wretched worm
@wretched_worm

found secret link to the angelicism merch store and guessed the password with my intuition and bought the gods bf jeans in the largest size to wear with my white diamond bb simons belt and threw out my true religions some1 passing by in the praying rock revival collab asked w2c

9:25 PM · Jun 9, 2021 · Twitter for iPhone

We are, together with our bodies and minds, very recent phenomena of evolution. But in the root of our being, with our lust, we participate in the process from its beginnings. As we contemplate the process of life, we are contemplating the Devil's evolution within us. "*De te fabula narratur.*" The further the arrow of life advances against the Heavenly Doors, in order to force them open, the better and more powerfully lust articulates itself. Our minds, with their linguistic structure and their lust for reading and writing, are the most perfectly articulated form of lust. Effectively, our minds are realized lust. The enormous river of life, made up of protoplasm, which flows ever more furiously against the celestial doors, is nothing but the virtual condition of the lustful reality that our minds are. Everything we say about this river is a myth, and the myths only become real within the linguistic structure of our minds. The enormous river of protoplasm was created and propelled by the Devil as a virtual condition for the emergence of our minds. We are, in this sense, the crowning achievement of nature.

THE INTERNET WILL
LOOK DIFFERENT
WHEN I DIE

THE INTERNET WILL
LOOK DIFFERENT
WHEN YOU DIE

THE INTERNET WILL
LOOK DIFFERENT
WHEN WE DIE

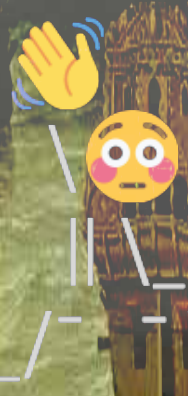
it, in a circle. What is *called* [*s'appelle:* lit. "calls itself"] mind is that which says to itself "come" only to hear *itself* already saying "come back." The mind is what it is, says what it means, only *by returning*. Retracing its steps, in a circle. But art forms only one of the circles in the great circle of the *Geist* or the revenant (this visitor can be called *Gast*, or *ghost*, *guest* or *Gespenst*). The end of art, and its truth, is religion, that other circle of which the end, the truth, will have been philosophy, and so on. And you know—we shall have to get the most out of this later on—the function of the ternary rhythm in this circulation. The fact remains that here art is studied from the point of view of its end. Its pastness is its truth. The philosophy of art is thus a circle in a circle of circles: a "ring" says Hegel, in the totality of philosophy. It turns upon itself and in annulling itself it links onto other rings. This annular concatenation forms the circle of circles of the philosophical encyclopedia. Art cuts out a circumscription or takes away a circumvolution from it. It encircles itself

Honor

@[illegible]pathy

Now watch me quirk!

Now watch me meep meep....



9:49 PM · Jul 7, 2021 · Twitter Web App

@_is_is_are

'Only in extinction is the collector comprehended.'--
Walter Benjamin

10:54 PM · Jun 5, 2021 · Twitter Web App

I have to admit, I am being disingenuous again. In opening the black-box of scientific facts, we knew that we would be opening Pandora's box. There was no way to avoid it. It was tightly sealed as long as it remained in the middle of the two culture no-man's-land, buried among the cabbages and the turnips, blissfully ignored by the humanists trying to avoid all the dangers of objectivation and by the epistemologists trying to fend off all the ills that the unruly mob brings everywhere with it. Now that it has been opened, with plagues and curses, sins and ills whirling around, there is only one thing to do, and that is to go even deeper, all the way down into the almost empty box in order to retrieve what, according to the venerable legend, has been left at the bottom, yes, hope. It is

EVERYTHING QUIETS. THE SUN RISES ON AN EARTH WHICH HAS YET TO APPEAR